The Nugget is delivered to your home twice a week for only 30 cents per month

"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster

# Nevada City Nugget

COVERS RICHEST GOLD AREA IN CALIFORNIA

This paper gives you complete coverage of all local happenings. If you want to read about your friends, your neighbors, and your town, read The Nugget.

Vol. 18, No. 76. The County Seat Paper NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA The Gold Center MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1944.

## *Thinking Out Loud*

On the November ballot will appear Proposition No. 12, a measure that assure workers anywhere in California the RIGHT TO WORK, whether or not they are members of a union. We note a great array of opponents to this measure, including the governor of California, the State Chamber of Commerce and others, but we are inclined to think that they are opposing it for reasons of expediency rather than on principle. It would of course ge a catastrophe, if when peace comes we should have a battle royal with the unions which have grown lusty and arrogant during war time.

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But we feel quite confident that the battle is coming anyway. Labor unions will fight falling wages and peace time deflation of war's ridiculous wage schedules. So why not have it out when the war ends, rather than postpone the day. A law that will deny no man the right to work is a good law, and that is precisely what this initiatory measure provides.

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The measure does not take away a man's hight to join a labor union, a lodge or a church. But he cannot be coerced to do these things and he cannot be denied work because he does. The labor bosses object to it because it makes their business of arganizing workers more difficult. To persuade men to join unions is of course, in their view, preposterous. Under twelve years of the New Deal they have grown accustomed "telling them."

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To persuade workers to join the unions it will be necessary to refrain from making the present big cut in their wages for initiation fees and dues, assessments for political funds, assessments for strike funds, benefits of various kinds, which a rescally leadership often filches. It will be necessary to really do some collective bargaining, in which employers have equal rights with the workers ,instead of the present system too often practiced, of telling the employer what he must do if he wishes to remain in business. In other words the labor unions must prove themselves of such advantage to the independent worker that he will want to join instead of being compelled to join.

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We note especially that labor leaders do not like the name of the proposed measure, i. e., THE RIGHT TO WORK. Under present labor union set-up work has become a privilege, and, whenever circumstances permit, a water-tight monopoly. Labor unions will have to experience a new religion if the RIGHT TO WORK becomes legally enforceable.

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The Associated Farmers of California are supporting the measure which will give every man and woman in this state the RIGHT TO WORK. The Associated Farmers current bulletin states:

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**In November, citizens of California will be asked to pass judgment on a simple conseitutional amendment which prohibits forcing anyone to join a union in order to obtain or hold employment. The proposed amendment is just about that simple. There is nothing in the amendment which prohibits every employee of a given employer from belonging to a union if that employee so desires. That would be a voluntary closed shop. No. 12 guarantees any person the right not to join a union. He already has a guarantee of right to join a union. This amendment seems particularly proper at this time. Every month thousands of men who have been in the armed forces are being returned to civilian life. These men and women should not have to join a union to get or hold a job. Reconversion and cut backs in war production are occurring daily. Most of the employees in these plants have been required to join and maintain memberships in unions to work in the war plants. They should not be required to join another union or join any union, for that matter, in going from war production to civilian work. A man who is forced to join a union to do his part in the war effort should certainly not be required to continue to join other unions the balance of his life to earn his daily bread. Forced unionization is un-American and un-Democratic. California farmers must remember that the Anti Hot Cargo, Anti Secondary Boycott Act is a temporary wartime measure and expires sixmonths after the emergency. The Right to Work Amendment will not replace the Anti Hot Cargo Law but if this law is not renewed, No. 12 will afford California agriculture a measure of relief from the racketeering practices which victimized them prior to the passage of the Anti Hot Cargo Law. Proposition No. 12 the Right to Work Amendment, should and will receive the support of California agriculture and that support should be more than a mere vote, it should be financial support and personal effort to assure success in the passage of this amendment.**

# REDMEN'S PARK IS SOLD

Redmen's Park, a pine grove covering three acres in Nevada City, has been sold to Mr. and Mrs. Byron Brock. The tract is bordered by Deer Creek on the south and Grove street on the north.

The Redmen's Park Association was founded in 1920 to take over the tract. For many years, on an outdoor floor, Nevada City's youth danced away the summer evenings in the shadows of the pines.

The original incorporators of the association were all members of the Redmen's Lodge here and are still names noted in Nevada City for their contributions to the community welfare. They were the late J. J. Jackson, Sr., early day grocer, W. F Sharp, dry goods merchant, W. E. Wright, lawyer who later became district attorney, the late Harry L. Englebright, Congressman for the Second District, and George W. Gildersleeve, now justice of the peace.

W. E. Wright, who announced the sale and who drew up the transfer papers stated that he did not know the buyers nor the use to which they propose to put the grove.

# NOT ENOUGH RAIN TO MAKE FOREST SAFE FROM FIRES

Nevada County had its first storm of the season Wednesday night, usual with the expinox, but it was too light, Guerdon Ellis,. supervisor of Tahoe national forest, states to diminish the fire hazard in the forests. He said that usually the first rain is hailed as a boon to all those who use the forests, since it sometime dampen the forest litter and lessen the peril from fire.

But this rain was not enough to make it safe to be careless with fire in the woods, Ellis declares, because in many places there was barely more than a trace of moisture.

Big Bend ranger station recorded the heaviest rainfall with .85 inches. An inch of snow fell on Grouse Ridge. Downieville recorded .42 inches, and there was frost and ice at the Sierra Buttes lookout cagin. At Camptonville, Yuba County, there was only a trace, at Sierra Valley, Sierra County, .15, Forest Hill in Placer County, .16 and at Truckee, .17. Nevada City's precipitation was but .05 inches.

# MAJ. CHAPMAN WINS SILVER STAR FOR VALOR

Major Warren C. Shapman, recently wounded on the Italian front, has been awarded the silver star for gallantry in action.

Major Chapman was born and reared in this city, graduating from the Nevada City high school. He is serving with the 34th "Red Bull" Division. The commanding general of his division personally pinned on the medal and congratulated him on his valor.

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Bert Steele, who is in the U. S. aviation service, has just returned to camp after a ten day visit here with his wire and three sons.

# TOM LEGG TELLS OF TERRIFIC ELECTRIC STORM

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Legg have just received a letter from their son, Tom Legg, aboard the destroyer U. S. S. McCook in which he tells of an electrical storm that continuously lighted up the sea and land for nearly an hour. The letter follows:

Dear Folks:

Well it is now 12:25 p. m. and I have just gotten off watch and am waiting for a 12:40 news broadcast before getting some sleep. Last night I had an experience that I believe that I will never forget. We saw the granddaddy of all electrical storms. It was sure a ringer. The heavens really put on a spectacular show for over an hour and in spite of the rain I remained outside just to watch it. The most impressive thing that we saw was when the lightning struck the barrage balloons, the cables would turn white hot and after the bolts had disappeared there would be this brilliant white streak reaching up into the sky with a flaming balloon at the top; as the cable cooled it would turn from white to bright red then gradually fade out of sight and all the while the balloon would be dropping. It really was an odd sight and the first one I saw was really weird, and we did not know what it was at first but we soon figured that out. I started to count those I saw go down but after the counting of eight quit, so I don't know how many were lost. Altogether but it was several. There must have been enough free electricity bouncing around among the clouds last night to light the city of New York for a year or so. The only bad feature of the whole thing was that it cost me some sleep and also got my mattress and blankets wet as they were out in it all. In fact it was the rain that woke me up so that I was able to see the show. I'd cover myself with a piece of canvas which protected them enough so that I could still sleep in them after the rain stopped. All in all it was a most impressive sight and no one that I talked to on the ship had ever seen an electrical storm so violent. The flashes were coming so rapidly that there were no periods of darkness between them and at times there would seem to be a dozen or more bolts flashing around the sky at the same time. This storm was followed by a high wind that left the air clearer than at any time we had been away from the states and for the first time today we got a good look at the country around us.

There isnt anything more to say as I have missed the news broadcast because they turned the radio off si I will wind this up and hit the high spots. I mean this liteerally as I will sleep on the director platform which is as high as I can go on the ship without climbing the mast. We hope to get some mail tomorrow if we are home and I am thinking more and more about what is going on there all the time.

# L. F. CROCHAT IS BORNE TO REST

Funeral services were held in the chapel of Hooper and Weaver Mortuary in Grass Valley yesterday afternoon for the late Leon Frank Crochat, who passed away Friday in Weimar Sanitarium, Placer county. The services were conducted by Rev. William Horgan and the Hague-Thomas-Hegarty Post of the American Legion. Interment was in Greenwood Cemetery.

Crochat was a native of Napa County, aged 57 years. He leaves a wife Mrs. Alice Crochat and a daughter, Miss Marjorie Crochat. He had made his home in Grass Valley shortly after the close of the last world war of which he was a veteran. He was an expert machinist and followed that vocation for many years. Prior to his illness he had lived in Vallejo for two years where he was engaged in war industry.

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A message was received yesterday by friends in this city, stating that Mrs. Sarah Kate Bremond a native of Nevada County had passed away September 14th at home in Norwalk, Los Angeles County.

# HUNDRED MAN FIRE CAMP AT NOR. BLOOMFIELD

**A hundred man fire camp is being established this morning at North Bloomfield to take care of a fire originating yesterday in the Pan Ravine. While the fire, according to Gordon Vance, chief fire dispatcher of the Taahoe National Forest, has not yet assumed large proportions, it is in a highly inflammable territory of brush and timber. Crews from several ranger stations have been called in.**

# VICTORY GARDEN SHOW WINDOW STOPS EVERYONE

Elton Tobiassen and his father, Sheriff Carl J. Tobiassen, have placed on display in the show window of the Nevada City Nugget, a victory garden exhibit, such as is rarely seen in this county, or anywhere else. The garden is grown on a creek bottom on the county farm in Willow Valley, and includes a mouth watering collection of melons and vegetables.

There is a watermelon that tips the scales at 40 pounds; there is a banana squash 26 incles long, and string beans almost an inch through, and eight to ten inches long, and as tender as the heart of lettuce.

There is a display of Oregon Evergreen and Golden Bantam corn designed to make any gourmet drool. Giant radishes, the common sort, Chinese and other varieties add a colorful note. There are tomoatoes, spemimens that show four inches of diameter, honey dew melons, muskmelons and cantaloupes, turnips that can't be beaten anywhere; and acorn scalloped and zuchini squash. It is a good victory show and stops almost everybody in their tracks.

# CAMP BEALE THANKED FOR FIRE FIGHTERS

CAMP BEALE, Sept. 25—The important part Camp Beale soldiers have taken in fighting Northern California forest fires during the recent summer months is commended in a letter received by Brigadier General Oscar B. Abott, post commander, from Fred M. Dunow deputy state forester.

"If it had not been for cooperation we received, our losses during these fires would have been considerably greater," Durnow wrote of the Beale fighters.

For many weeks several hundred Beale men have been out regularly on fire fighting work in forests of Nevada, Shasta, Mendocino, Trinity, Lake and other counties. The part they have taken in the work has resulted in saving much valuable timber and property.

"We found that the troops and their officers responded willingly and performed their tasks in suppressing those fires in a splendid manner. At this time I wish to express my appreciation for the services rendered and a job well done by you and the members of your staff and the men under your supervision," Dunow wrote Gen. Abbott.

## Two Plead Guilty To Neglecting Camp Fires

T. J. Priddy of Oakland pleaded guilty to leaving a campfire unattended and was fined $50 by Justice of the Peave George Gildersleeve.

Priddy was apprehended by Ranger Paul Case following the discovery of his camp fire, still burning while he had departed early in the morning to hunt. He was followed and arrested.

Tom Dunlap of Lodi, San Joaquin County, was placed under arrest by Ranger Peter Land in the vicinity of Sierraville, Sierra County for the same offense. He pleaded guilty before Justice of the Peace Charles Perkins in Loialton and was fined $15.

# MAJ. CHAPMAN WRITES STORY OF BATTLE WOUNDS

**Dr. C. W. Chapman, who received a telegram last Monday from his son, Major Warren Chapman stating that he had been wounded on the Italian battle front, and was in a hospital, has since received a letter giving details of his injuries resulting from tripping the wire of one of Germans "bouncing baby's". The letter, dated Sept. 10, follows:**

Dear Pa:

I haven't been feeling too well so haven't wrtiten, but now will try to give you the story.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon I started forward on a reconnaisance with eleven other men. The general situation on the front lines was fluid, and no one knew exactly where the front lines were.

My party soon came across some engineer filling craters and pulling felled trees off the highway and sweeping for mines. That was a big job, and I couldn't wait for them; so we got off of the jeeps and started to walk. The engineer officer had told me as much as he knew about the mine field situation around there.

I was in charge of reconnaisance; so I led the way over the least likely spots for the Germans to place mines. We got along all right for about a mile. Then on a side hill with about six inches of grass on it I hit a trip wire with my foot and set off a "bouncing baby."

The "bouncing baby" is a mine about the size of a can of corn. This so called can is set in a container slightly larger than it; and the container has a small charge in the bottom. Well, the trip wire goes to a fuse that sets off the powder in the container. When the powder goes off it shoots the can up in the air. When the mine is up about four feet it explodes and throws slugs in every direction.

The slugs in this one were made by cutting 1-4 inch rod into 1-2 inch lengths, Of course, this mine and container were buried with a thin layer of dirt on it and well camouflaged, as was the trip wire.

I didn't feel my foot hit the wire, there was just this terrific blast, and I went to the ground. The mine was four feet to my right. I knew right away I was hit, but didn't know how badly or where. There was a man 10 feet behind me and another one 5 feet behind him and the rest strung out back at similar intervals. The one 15 feet behind was yelling medics; and I was wondering why until I saw the blood starting to stream down his face. (this was Lt. Edwards... Then I didn't know if the man 10 feet from me was hit or not; but he was on the ground.

All the party but me and the man closest to me were on a little cart trail that we felt certain had no mines on it, (and didn't.)

When the aid man got up near us Lt. Edwards told him to help the 2 of us; but the aid man said he shouldn't go in there, because if he set off another mine he could help nobody, (which was right); so I found I could use my arms to pull myself out of the mine field, which I did, hoping all the time that I didn't hit another one.

As I crawled past the man who was right behind me I saw some blood; so I knew that he was hit. Lt. Edwards had two holes in his helmet, and the slugs just grazed the top of his head; so he and another man walked back to get a doctor and an ambulance up to the point where we left our jeeps. A couple of men pulled the other man out of the mine field and the aid man and some others started working on both of us.

They found ohles in upper right leg and in my upper left leg. bandaged them and gave me a shot of morphine. It was at this time I actually thought I wansn't going to live.

Some one got a couple of shutters off a near by farm house, and the men started to carry us back — it started to rain. The other wounded man, a corporal—I don't know his name—died before we got back to the ambulance.

When I got there the doctor was waiting and gave me some plasma immediately. After he had done all that he could for me I was loaded in the ambulance and taken back to an exacuation hospital where I was X-rayed, and on the operating table 4 hours after I was hit by the mine.

One slub entered the inside of my left thigh, came out six inches below the crotch, and almost came out on the left front—all it did was tear through a lot of muscles. A smaller piece about half the size of my little finger nail and twice as thick went in the inside of my left calf and hit a bone, just chipping it. The third slug entered the outsidt of my right thigh 10 inches below the hip. deflected down and broke the bone 2 inches above the knee, and the slug lodged there. I don't think there was any displacement in the break.

I certainly have had my share of this penicilin a shot every three hours night and day, and my arms are full of needles it seems. Both legs are in casts up to my hips; so I am having a hell of a time with bed pans. And, of course, my back is what's really hurting me.

I suppose Ill be in the hospital for 2 or 3 months at least; and the war should be over before I am out.

Today they flew me to a general hospital that is roughly 200 miles behind the front.

## Lost Hunter Aided By Richard Hoskins

Richard Hoskins, service station proprietor of Grass Valley, out hunting last week in the Sierra Buttes country in Sierra County, encountered another hunter who had been lost all night. He did not get the name of the wandering, bewildered man who had lost all sense of direction on Wednesday afternoon and was found Thursday.

The lost hunter, however, stated he was a shipyard worker at Vallejo, that he had killed a deer the day before, borrowed a donkey and a horse from a sheep herder to bring the buck into camp, had wandered far into the night, losing horse, the donkey and deer, and had finally holed up under a log, piling earth about him to keep warm while a light snow fell.

When Hoskins found him the man was not always coherent, but managed to give a general idea of where his camp was located. Hoskins took him within sight of the camp and started him toward it.

Incidentally it was Mrs. Hoskins, who knocked over the 4 pointer deer that she and her husband brought home Friday.

## Peace Officers Attend FBI School Tonight

The second of the weekly Monday night sessions of the police training school will be held this evening in the music room of the James S. Hennessy School, Grass Valley. This training series for peace officers is under the auspices of the FBI.

The class this evening will be divided into three one hour groups, in which R. E. Gocke, long associated with the Bureau of Federal Investigation, will discuss BFI jurisdiction, law of evidence, and identification of fire arms.

## Totten's Sentence Is Fixed At 18 Years

A notice from the State Board of Prison Terms and Paroles has been received in the county clerk's office that the term of William Totten, convicted in September, 1943, of second degree murder for the shooting of Harvey McVean at Hills Flat has been set at 18 years. The notice states that he can apply for parole after one year.

## Estate of Soldier Who Died in Jap Prison Camp

Elwyn T. Walker has filed a petition with the county clerk for letters of administration in the state of his son, Elwyn G. Walker, who died while a prisoner of war in a Japanese prison camp in the Philippines.

The petition recites that the father is the sole heir and that the estate consists principally of army pay accruals amounting to about $1000.

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NATIVE SONS AND DAUGHTERS

Manzanita Parlor and Quartz Parlor of the Native Daughters and Native Sons of the Golden West, it was announced yesterday, have contributed $3,100 to the Buy a Bomber campaign inaugurated by these organizations throughout the state.

The two parlors had whole hearted support from friends of the organizatino as well as from its membership.

# Nevada City Nugget

305 Broad Street. Phone 36.

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H. M. LEETE - - - - - Editor and Publisher

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## JUST WONDERIN'

I wonder if sometimes you think,
"I'm quite superior to my kind;"
For if you do, I'd like to say,
"Oh, brother, brother, change your mind."
To boast of birth or breed or race
Seems now but very idle chatter,
Neanderthal or Cro-Magnon,
At this late date, what does it matter?

Just recently, two college professors of Columbia University spent a week end writing a booklet on the subject of anthropology. There is nothing new or startling in the little volume, but it is written in simple every day language and perhaps for that fact, it immediately became a best seller, reviewed by numerous newspapers and magazines and avidly read by a fact hungry public.

Prof. Ruth Benedict and Dr. Gene Weltfish rendered signal service by reminding us, at this time, that there are no "superior races," no great I ams, divinely appointed to rule over and enslave their fellowmen. We of this little planet are all kinsmen, descended from one common stock. There is no east and west, no north and south; when strong men meet face to face or struggle together for the liberties they both adore, barriers fall away; the differences of color, race and creed seem trivial indeed. We should be able to discern these facts for ourselves; but if we were, what would be left for the professors to do?

Meny of ns, when young, were taught to trace our linea descent back to father Adam and to acknowledge the brotherhood of man. Now the scientists tell us that all races of men descended from a common stock and introduce us to strangely uncouth beings of pre-Adamic origin. We may leave the pre-Adamites to the anthropologists, if we wish, but let us remember that this old earth has been a melting pot, ever since the renegade, Cain, slipped over the border into the land of Nod, married a Nodite and reared his Nordic brood.

As individuals, clans, tribes anl races, we have no cause for boastfulness. If we really believe that all men are created equal, then it is our duty to aid in securing for those less fortunte than ourselves, those freedoms and liberties which are the inherent right of all.

There are no superior races, no chemically pure nations, no undiluted anestral strains. We are all compounded of this and that from here and there and so I say—

Refrain from pointing the finger of scorn
At Hottentot, Bulgar or Jew,
For that which went to the making of him,
Is part and parcel of you.—A. Merriam Conner.

## WALLACE BITES BACK

Vice President Henry Wallace, the latest friend to be jettisoned by President Roosevelt for expediency's sake, the other day loosed his first barb at Roosevelt.

Asked at conference at Bridgeport, Conn., if he could give assurance of release of some manpower and materials immediately for production of peace time goods, he replied according to Associated Press report:

"I can't assure anything. In fact, I'l add that no man in Washington can assure anything with the number of agencies set up there."

Thus the New Deal's inefficient conduct of the war is stressed by the Second Top New Dealer.—Contributed.

## CALIFORNIA AFLAME

The city pavements are hot. The valley roads shimmer in the sun. Dust swirls across the ploughed fields. The smoky hills beyond are dry as tinder. California is aflame.

Guard well your fire, says Raner gBill. Be sure the last spark is dead. In war time be doubly careful. Forest fires aid the enemy—deloy victory.

Save the forests. We need every tree. Wood for ships. Wood for planes. Wood for crating weapons of war. Now, more than ever, we need wood.

Save the water. We need every drop from our mountain watersheds. Water for homes. Water fro crops. Water for the power to drive the wheels of industry.

There must be rain soon. The cities need rain. The valleys need rain. The mountains need rain to serve the cities and valleys.

The city's pavements are hot, and California is aflame. Century old trees are burning upon the hills. The ground is burning out below the trees. Fire is burning out our land a little more. A little more our heritage is burning out.—Contributed.

## WANTED: A BILL OF RIGHTS FOR BUSINESS

To the businessman, particularly the smaller operator who is unable to maintain a staff of attorneys to translate into every day English the Alice-in-Wonderland language of bureaucracy, the ways are hard these days.

Ambigious regulation, uncertainty as to what he may expect from the government—as well as just what the government expects of him—are major sources of irritation between the businessman and the government.

The result, as T. N. Carver of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce points out, is that an average man who values his standing in the community is afraid to start any new enterprise and is equally hesitant to attempt expansion of his existing business.

"There are so many rules and regulations," comments Mr. Carver, "sometimes contradictory, always, of course, ostensibly to prevent monopolistic restrictions, as to hog-tie every would-be enterpriser. Until these uncertainties can be removed so that a man may know where he stands before the law, there can be no such thing as full employment. Small businessmen are far more afraid of the government than they are of big business, and if the government doesn't believe that, let Mr. Gallup or any other scientific poll taker put the question to little businessmen. I offer the challenge.

"Not only must the trust-busting activities of the Department of Justice be moderated, but there must be less red tape and detailed regulations of business in general."

There must, of course, be a law, Mr. Carver submits, but he urges that it be definite and concise so that men may know without elaborate study just what is forbidden and what is permitted. All regulatory laws should be simplified, codified and published, the results constituting a Bill of Rights for business and industry. "If this is done," declares Mr. Carver, "industry will expand and we may have approximate full employment."

The Los Angeles proposal appears to offer a sound and constructive program under which business would be permitted to provide the broad scale employment necessary for the country's economic health. It is to be hoped that it will not fall on deaf ears in Washington.—Contributed.

## WATCH THE LADIES!

Perhaps the best authorities on the needs and problems of California's grammar schools are the mothers whose children attend them. When one finds virtually every responsible women's organization supporting a measure affecting the schools, one may reasonably feel pretty certain their proposal is important to the welfare of school children.

Such unanimous support from women's organizations seems to be forthcoming for Proposition No. 9, sponsored by the State Council of Education, which proposes an increase of state support for elementary schools from $60 to $80 per pupil per year.

The California Federation of Women's Clubs, Los Angeles District, which embraces Los Angeles, San Luis Obispo, Inyo, Santa Barbara and Ventura counties, made the following public explanation of the need for additional state support of schools in a resolution adopted a few days ago.

"To provide a remey for a critical situation in the elementary schools of California arising out of a shortage of trained school teachers; to provide a more nearly equal educational opportunity for children whether they live in wealthy or impoverished districts, and to pave the way for the post-war education of the vastly increased numbers of children who will enter the first grade in California in 1949 and 1950, we favor approval of Proposition No. 9 on the November ballot."

With women comprising at least 60 per cent of California's registered voters this year, and with a majority of women's clubs—including the California League of Women Voters, the Business and Professional Women's Clubs and the PTA—already on record and campaigning for the school legislation, it's a better than even chance that No. 9 will carry in November.

The ladies, it appears, in this war year of 1944, can elect any candidate or carry any issue that they choose. — Contributed.




## Keep spare fuses in your home

You may have experienced more frequent fuse "blow-outs" in your home these days. As appliances and cords and plugs get older, loose connections develop that cause short circuits that make fuses blow out.

Take these two precautions and save time and annoyance:

1. Handle plugs and cords carefully. Tighten up loose screws and nuts on appliances.
2. Keep spare fuses on hand. It takes only a few minutes to replace a burned-out fuse.

Before this war, our Service Department took special pride in fast service on fuse replacements. Today problems of increased service demands, manpower limitations and mileage restrictions make it difficult to render this service to you as promptly as we would like to.

However new fuses are easily replaced. You can do it yourself and avoid inconvenience and delay. This self-service on your part will enable our service men to handle more quickly the more serious service calls from you, your neighbor and war industries. *See your dealer for spare fuses.*

P·G·and E·

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# DEWEY HDQTS. OPENS IN S. F.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25—Timed to coincide with the opening of the national campaign for the election of Governor Thomas E. Dewey to the presidency, announcement was made today of the opening of Northern California Dewey-Bricker headsuarters in San Francisco.

The campaign organization has been completed and is now functioning according to William Reichel, vice chairman of the Republican state central committee and chairman of the Northern California campaign.

Harry J. Neubarth, former legal advisor to the San Francisco grand jury and well know n in political circles, has been named manager for the campaign which includes the 48 northern counties of the state.

Harvey C. Scott, advertising and publicity executive, has been appointed to manage the publicity and advertising phases of the campaign. He will be assisted by Robert P. Kimball, his business associate, and a staff.

County organization is in the hands of ex-senator Edward H. Tickle who is vice chairman of the campaign committee.

Women's activities will be directed by Mrs. Jessie W. Williamson, national committeewoman from California, who is also serving as vice-chairman of the campaign committee in this area.

"The same emphatic demand by Californians for clean, efficient government that was evidenced in the landslides election of Governor Earl Warren will be reflected in the outcome of the November national election," Reichel said today. "The fact that we have Republican governors in twenty sir states today speaks in no uncertain terms of that same desire throughout the nation.

"Along with the Californians, thinking people everywhere have grown sick of the double talk, of the dwadlings, bickerings and bureaucratic inefficiency of the New Deal. They are fast realizing the ghastly stupidity that made Pearl Harbor possible and of the cover ups of this and other glarings weaknesses of the New Deal administration.


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Register Now
Special training in shorthand, typewriting, bookkeping, spelling, English, Calculations, Machine Work, Office Training and Army Correspondence.
COACHING FOR STATE AND U. S. CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS
SISTERS OF MERCY



Phone 36 FOR WANT ADS


FOR SALE—PINE WOOD — Two tier or more delivered in Nevada City or Grass Valley. Jakes Wood Yard, Cartoscelli Place, Grass Valley-Nevada City Highway.
4-13-1moc

WANTED — Coin collections. L. E. Sherow, Box 2, Nevada City.
3mo.-11-13

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE moving in standard furniture van. First class staroge facilities. Furniture bought and sold. Hills Flat Reliable Transfer, Grass Valley, Weekly trips to bay area. Phone 471-W or 39. 3-1tf

EXPERT RADIO REPAIRING — Loud Speaker Systems for Rent. Complete stock of portable and large type radio batteries. ART'S RADIO HOSPITAL — Specialists in Radio ills. 201 Mill Street, Grass Valley. Phone 984 .
2-19tf


Tyler's
Photo Finishing
PORTRAITS
107 Mill Street, Grass Valley
Phone 8-W






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Evenings 7-8. Phone 395 X-RAY

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Nevada City Telephone 28

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Office Hours: 1 to 3. 7 to 8 p. m.
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Phone Grass Valley 360
If No Answer—Grass Valley 17-W.

**CARL POWER JONES, M.D**
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Sundays 11:30 to 12:30
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Phone Grass Valley 17-W

## NEVADA CITY

### FRATERNAL AND CLUB DIRECTORY

**WOMEN'S CIVIC CLUB**
Regular meetings the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of the month, at the Grammar School Auditorium. 2:30 p. m.
MRS. BERYL ROBINSON, Pres.
MRS. MARGARET WELLS, Sec.

**NEVADA CITY LODGE, No. 518 B. P. O. ELKS**
Meets every second and fourth Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Elks Home, Pine St. Phone 108. Visitinw Elks welcome.
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**HYDRAULIC PARLOR NO. 56, N. S. G. W.**
Meets every Tuesday evening at Pythian Castle, 232 Broad Street Visiting Native Sons welcome.
GERALD D. PEARD, Pres.
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**OUSTOMAH LODGE No. 16 IOOF**
Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 at Odd Fellows Hall.
HARRY R. DOUGLASS, N. G.
WM. H. RICHARDS, Rec. Sec'y.
JOHN W. DARKE, Fin. Sec'y.



# GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE

## CHAPTER V

By this time, war with certain countries appeared imminent. I had always believed that we would fight Japan, and had always believed that Japan would make the first thrust. And I tried to "figure out" every cadet that came through our school —tried by talking to him to find out whether or not he had the urge for combat, for I knew that the urge was positively necessary. Not only did a man have to have that certain incentive to fly and keep on flying, until flying became second nature, but he had to have the definite urge for combat. When he learned to fly automatically he would control the ship without thinking about the controls and have his mind free to concentrate on navigation and the aiming of his guns—besides watching his tail for the enemy.

I talked with the cadets many times, and I was surprised to find that a lot of them still thought it was wrong to want to get in the air against any enemy and fight. Sometimes I was disappoined to find that men lacked fighting instinct for the coming war. Youngsters seemed to think that combat was unnecessary. Many of them, it seemed to me, were learning to fly merely for the high-paying airline jobs of the future. But as time went on, I changed my mind. There would always be a few who didn't want to fight, there would be some who were uncertain, but from their attitude as the war tension increased I knew that when war came, as it inevitably would, these youngsters in the fighting ships of America would do their part.

From Ontario I went to Lemoore, in the San Joaquin Valley of California, and there I went through one of the low periods of my life. It was not that Lemoore was bad, for the people were wonderful—but war was getting closer and closer, and I was getting farther from combat duty. Finally, after war had opened on December 7, I began to write Generals all over the country in an effort to get out of the Training Center. After all, I had been an instructor for nearly four years and it was pretty monotonous. I knew that instructors were necessary, but I wanted to fight, and I thought that if I could get out to fight with my experience, I could come back later on and be even more valuable as an instructor of fighter pilots.

At last things began to happen. On December 10, I was hurriedly ordered to report to March Field. When these secret orders came, I thought the day for my active entry into the real war was near. Hardly taking time to get my toothbrush—the radiogram said, "immediately" —I jumped into a car and drove madly through the Valley and over the pass of Tejon through the snow at the summit at nearly ninety miles an hour, to March Field. I arrived there in a blackout, and though I was to see plenty of combat later on, I'll take an oath that the nearest I've been to death in this war was when I rode into March Field with my lights out, trying to follow the line in the highway that was not there. Army trucks went by with dim, pin-point blue lights, and as I looked out of my car the trucks would almost hit me.

When I finally got on the post with my radiogram for admission, I tore up to the headquarters and operations office, expecting any minute to be told to jump in a P-38 or a P-40 and go up to protect Los Angeles. There were many others like myself, for apparently all pilots with pursuit experience had been assembled.

No one knew what we were to do. No one knew we were supposed to be there. We could get no flying time, and some of the old pursuit pilots hadn't been in a single-seater for years. We waited and waited while rumors increased. Some said we were going to the Philippines by carrier; some ventured that our destination was Java or Australia. Since then, I have seen some of the men in India and China. Their ways to war must have been as circuitous as mine.

Squadrons of pursuit planes would come through daily on the way up the coast and we all grew envious watching them. The only cheering thing was the radio broadcast which told of Capt. Colin P. Kelly and his crew sinking the Jap battleship Haruna. In this engagement Kelly became the first hero of the war, and I was very proud. For Captain Kelly had been under my instruction at Randolph Field. I could well remember that fine student's excellent attitude for a combat pilot. He had broken his collarbone in a football scrimmage at Randolph and had told no one on the flying line. Looking in the rear-view mirror, I saw him flying with his left hand on the stick; when I corrected him, I learned of the accident. Fighter Kelly had been so anxious to get on with the course of instruction that he was completely ignoring broken bones. Of such material are heroes made.

As the days went on we noticed that pilots whom we had trained were doing the things in this war, in every theater, with the few airplanes we had. It was some consolation to know that we had trained the youngsters who were sinking the Jap ships and shooting down the enemy planes. But it was not enough.

"I still wanted to fight myself. I could well remember the years and years I had trained in Panama with the 78th Pursuit Squadron; I had always been too young to lead an element, a flight, a squadron, or anything. Then suddenly I was told here that I was not only too old—imagine that, at age 34!—to lead a squadron, but also too old to lead even a group. In fact I was too old to fly a fighter plane into combat. I used to tell the Generals that from being too young, I had suddenly jumped to being too old. There had never been a correct age.

But all the argument was to no avail, and after waiting around March Field for ten days we were ordered back to our home stations. I returned to Lemoore in the San Joaquin. I know there was no man on Bataan any sadder that night than I. Then came orders to report to Victorville—at least here was a change, and I welcomed it. I found myself director of training in a twin-engine school—I was still getting farther and farther from the war.

It seemed to me now that all was lost. I had tried desperately for the last six months to get out of the Training Center, and now that war had come it seemed that the powers at the top had decided that all of us, whether we had been trained as fighter pilots or as combat pilots, bomber pilots, or transport pilots, were nevertheless to stay there in the Training Center. December, January, and February went by, and in these months I wrote from Victorville to General after General. I remember saying to one of them:

"Dear General, if you will excuse me for writing a personal letter to you on a more or less official subject in time of war, I will certainly submit to you for court martial after the war. But if you can just listen to me I don't care whether that court martial comes or not. I have been trained as a fighter pilot for nine years. I have flown thousands of hours in all types of planes. I've been brought here as an instructor and I think I've done my job. Please let me get out to fight. I want to go to Java, I want to go to Australia, I want to go to China, India, and anywhere there's fighting going



Capt. Colin Kelly, who sank the Jap battleship Haruna.

on—just so you get me out of the monotony of the Training Center."

An answer came back from this General: He would do all he could, he would even forget the court martial, but men were necessary in the training centers. Even with these kind words, it appeared that my cause was lost. Then, when the future looked worse than at any time in my life, a telephone call came from Washington, from a Colonel.

"Have you ever flown a four-engine ship?"

I answered immediately: "Yes, Sir." I had flown one for a very few minutes, at least I'd flown it in spirit while standing behind the pilot and co-pilot—but that was the only time I'd ever been in the nose or in the cockpit of a Flying Fortress. His next question was, "How many hours have you flown it?" I told him eleven hundred; there was no need to tell a story unless it was a good one, and after all, I considered this a white kind of lie—a white lie that was absolutely necessary if I was to get to war.

After giving this information I went back to waiting with my hopes way up. One night in early March, 1942, they came true — and to me they read like a fairy tale, too good to be true. I was to comply with them immediately, reporting to a field in the Central States. There I would receive combat instructions from the leader of our mission.

As I drove over from Victorville to my home in Ontario that evening, it seemed as though I was already in the air—adventure had come at last. Even then the fear tugged at my heart that the orders would be changed before I could start. I told my wife that I was going to combat, but the nature of the orders forbade my telling her where, or what type of mission. Not even at the look of pain that crossed her face did I lose my feeling of victory. She was trying to act happy, but I knew it was only because she remembered that I wanted duty in combat.

That night I began to pack hastily, resolving at the same time to take my wife and little one-year-old daughter back towards Georgia, where they could be among relatives. As I packed and arranged for the furniture to be shipped I still had my exalted feeling of victory. When I got into bed, very late, I thought I would drop right off to sleep. But as my mind relaxed for the first time after the orders had been received, I felt myself come to complete wakefulness. I even sat up in bed, for I had realized for the first time what I had done.

Here was my home, with the two people whom I loved more than any others in all the world—my wife and my little girl. Here, in this wonderful place, I could possibly have lived out the war, behind a good safe desk at Victorville or some other training field. By my love of adventure, by my stubborn nature, I had talked myself out of this soft and wonderful job of staying home with my family. I was about to leave that girl I had driven all those thousands of miles to see—for even ten minutes . . . Tears came to my eyes—I knew I had been a fool.

For hours I lay awake. And then, in the darkness, I think I saw the other side. Suppose I called that officer who had telephoned me from Washington. Suppose I called and told him that I had lied—that I had never flown a Flying Fortress. I could easily get out of this mission —but the thought was one that I couldn't entertain even for a second. For now the seriousness of war had gradually come to me. Unless men like myself—thousands and millions of them—left these wonderful luxuries in this great land of America we could lose it all forever. I loved these two with all my heart, but the only way in all the world to keep them living in the clean world they were accustomed to was to steel myself to the pain of parting with them for months or years—or even forever. The actuality of war, grim war, had come. I knew then that the theoretical word "Democracy" was not what we were to fight for. I knew it was for no party, no race, creed, or color. We were going to fight, and many of us were to die, for just what I had here—my wife and family. To me, they were all that was real, they were all that I could understand. To me, they were America.

Next day we got the household goods packed. We piled on an eastbound train and left California. That ride for me was the saddest thing that has ever happened. I would look at those two and see that my wife was thinking my own thought; even the little girl seemed to sense that all was not well. At Memphis, I almost casually bade them goodby, and we parted. But as I watched their train disappear down the track I knew that part of my life was gone. My world was grim.

Reaching my assembly point for instructions, I found that I was reporting to Col. Caleb V. Haynes, one of the greatest of big-ship pilots—the pilot in our Air Force who had devoted much of his life to making the four-engine bomber the weapon that it is today. The entire group of officers and men made quite a gathering. I learned that they were all picked men, and that they had volunteered and almost fought for places on the crews of the Fortresses. And as I heard the explanation of the flight from Colonel Haynes I saw the reason for their excitement.

This was a "dream mission"—one that was a million kinds of adventure rolled into one.

We were to fly thirteen four-engine bombers — one B-24 and twelve B-17E's—to Asia. There we were to "bomb up" the ships after we had gone as far East as we possibly could, and then were to bomb objectives in Japan. Our orders read that we were to co-ordinate our attack from the West with another attack that was coming from the East.

The sadness that had been with me since leaving my family vanished. Once again I saw the war in a spirit of adventure. Here was what any soldier might have prayed for—here was what the American public had been clamoring for during the months since Pearl Harbor. I was fortunate to be one of the pilots; it almost made up for my failure to finally get into single-seater fighter ships again—almost, but not quite.

That night we talked things over and met each other, and next morning we left for Washington, with our newly drawn equipment. Our planes were in Florida, being made ready for combat, but we were obliged to go by way of Washington for the purpose, astounding in war, of securing diplomatic passports. I remember that even in the joy of the mission, I couldn't help wondering what kind of a war this one could be. We were having to secure passports in order to be able to fight. Visas were obtained for all countries we were to fly over and through—Brazil, Liberia, Nigeria, Egypt, Arabia, India—and China, especially! Visas—to go to war!

Properly inoculated against fourteen diseases, with visas for everywhere, with trinkets for trade with natives in Africa, Arabia, and Burma, we went on down to Florida. The instant I landed I hunted out my ship—B-17E—Air Corps number 41 9031. I soon painted on its nose the red map of Japan, centered by the cross-hairs of a modern bombsight, with the cross right over Tokyo. In my poor Latin was inscribed "Hades ab Altar" — or roughly, "Hell from on High."

I climbed into the control room of my ship and met my crew. Each man was a character, each man wanted badly to get started.

The co-pilot was Doug Sharp, another dark-haired Southerner, a first Lieutenant who was destined to get shot down in another Flying Fortress over Rangoon. He coolly got most of his crew out of the burning ship; then, with those who were unable to parachute to safety, he landed the flaming ship in the rice paddies of central Burma. From this point he led his men—those whom he did not have to bury beside the ship—out through the Japanese lines to safety in India. He was made a Major after this gallant act.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# FARMERS ARE PAYING OFF FEDERAL LOANS

The rate of turn-over among Farm Security Administration borrowers in Placer and Nevada counties reached an all time high this month, Rolland R. Romo, FSA supervisor said today.

Romo said an unprecedented number of FSA borrowers are paying off their loans in full. At the same time the number of appilcations for new loans has increased. He added that there were 110 active FSA borrowers in Placer and Nevada counties last year as against 87 borrowers now.

"Our old borrowers, none of whom could get adequate credit from other sources when accepted by FS A, are paying off in record numbers". In the past year 21 families have paid up their FSA loans and have graduated to become local bank or production credit customers. This year we expect there will be at least 14 more graduates.

"A few years ago most of these farmers couldn't even feed their own families properly. Now they are producing important amounts for war, paying their bills, and in a good may cases buying war bonds. Naturally we are pleased when we can successfully refer them to other credit institutions. It means achievement."

Romo said that thereare still a number of Placer and Nevada County farm families who are unable to obtain the credit they need for full production of war crops. These, he said, can secure FSA loans for the purchase of livestock, machinery, seed, fertilizer and practically any other item needed to increase war food production. For the purpose of facilitating matters, Romo said that he intends to hold an office day in Grass Valley every other Thursday. This will be inaugurated September 28. Romo added that eligible farmers may apply for production loans at the soil conservation office, corned Auburn and Main streets Grass Valley on Thursdays between 10 a. m. and 3 p. m.

# PGE GRANTED RURAL EXTENSION PERMISSION

Granting an application of Pacific Gas and Electric Company for liberalization of line extension rules, the State Railroad Commission has made possible still further electrification of the rural area of central and northern California.

This state for many years has led all the states of the nation in per centage of farms receiviig electric service. The action of the raolroad commission will enable the utility company to provide service without any increase in the existing low rates to scattered and more remote rural areas which hitherto have not had the advantages of electric service. The amended rules become effective September 23.

After two public hearings held in San Francisco and consideration of briefs, the commission found that the company's proposal is "a part of a comprehensive program of war and post war planning, to extend electric service to practically all presently unserved rural sections of the service area of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company".

The company already has on file plans for 839 extensions involving 1696 miles of line which will serve 5452 new customers. Construction of the new lines will require an investment of approximately $4,000,000.

Effect of the improvement in rural areas will be widespread. It is expected to increase the production of food crops during and after the war period, and assist agriculturists in some sections to solve the manpower problem.

The company pointed out that the program will provide work for it returning soldier—employees, and by stimulating greater use of electricity creat additional employment in the manufacture of electrical applainces.

An attorney representing the Redwood Electric Cooperative, Inc., and the Foothill Electric Association, Inc., opposed the company's application bu the commission, dismissing the protest, declared. "The record shows that while each of the cooperatives are said to have secured financial allotments for the construction of distribution facilities through the Rural Electric Administration, yet neither one has any plant or electric lines and no electric service is rendered to any one."

Former line extension rules required prospective rural customers to advance a part of the cost of the building the extension at the rate of 25 cents per foot when the distance is in excess of specified footage paid for by the company. Under the amended rules the free footage allowance is doubled, giving the customer twice the length of extension before he is required to pay anything. Also, until January, 1946, the utility will waive any payment by the customer where the cost of the extension does not exceed a sum 15 times the expected annual revenue to be derived from the new line. Amounts advanced for line extension are refunded to the customer over a period of years.

Application of the new rule's liberalized provisions will not become a burden on the company's other customers. The P. G. and E. expressly stiuplates that it will bear any deficiency in revenues between the "doubled" rule and the proposed new "15 to 1" rule that might occur under the new rule's operation.

**No. 4419**
**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF ADRIANO MELCHORI, also known as A. MELCHORI, also known as ANDRIAN MELCHOIR, also known as ADRIAN MELCHIOR, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Theodore A. Kohler, Jr., as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Adriano Melchiori, also known as A. Melchoir, also known as Adrien Melchoir, also known as Adrian Melchior, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within six months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Nevada, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within six months after the first publication of this notice to the said Theodore A. Kohler, Jr., at the Law Offices of Wm. J. Cassaettrai, 208 West Main Street, Grass Valley, California, the same being the place of business in all matters connected with the state of Adriano Melchiori, aliases, deceased.

THEODORE A. KOHLER, Jr.
Aiministrator with the Will Annexed of the Estte of Adriano Melchiori, aliases, deceased.
WM. J. CASSTETTARI, Attorney for Administrator.
First publication: September 4.
Sept. 4, 11, 18, 25.

Willys builds the versatile Jeep
✓ Light Truck
✓ Passenger Car
✓ Light Tractor
✓ Power Plant

# NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

Taxes of the City of Nevada for the year 1944 are now due and payable. If not paid before 5 p. m. on Monday, October 9th, 1944 a peranty of 10 per cent will be added. Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

SAM HOOPER, Ex-officio Tax Collector.

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BEER WINES, LIQUORS
Delicious Mixed Drinks to Please Every Taste

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GET YOURS AT
THE NUGGET

## WITH OUR

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## IN GLOBAL WAR

**Ben Pryor—**

Mrs. Ed Martine received a V-mail letter Saturday from her second brother, Ben Pryor who enlisted in the CB's and is now CM 2-3 stating that he is a better sailor this time than the previous trip which was to Dutch Harbor where he spent ten months. He is much less subjest to seasickness than before but it is a smoother trip and the ventilation in the ship is far better than it was before. He manages to eat most of his meals but suffers from eyestrain headaches from poor light. It could not be said it is a pleasure cruise and he would be glad when it was over. He lays in his bunk awhile and listens to scrambled maudlin modern music over the loud speaker and then goes deck to try to find a shady place. He has seen a few porpoise and flying fish. Pryor has been at Hueneme about two months waiting orders and was issued summer clothes. From the letter it is presumed that he is in the South Pacific waters.

**Sgt. Romert Davies—**

Robert Davies, brother of Miss Mary Davies of this city, has written her that he was promoted to sergeant recently. He has been in the Aleutians two and a half years and is very homesick.

**Jim Launius and Paul Benton—**

Jim Launinius and Paul Benton of this city have returned to their duties in the merchant marine after a few weeks leave here with the latter's parents who reside on the Murchie road.

**Tech. Sgt. Krasevac—**

Award of the bronze oak leaf cluster to Tech. Sgt. Albert L. Kresevac has been announced by Lieut. Gen. Doolittle, commanding general of the Eighth Air Force in England.

Sgt. Krasevac is a radio operator on one of the AAF'c B-24 Liberatars operating from English base over Europe. He is a veteran of many missions, The citation, accompanying the award, states:

"For meritorious achievement while participating in exceptionally hazardous flights over enemy occupied territory in July 1944."

Sgt. Krasevac recently was decorated with the distinguished flying cross. Before entering the army he lived with his sister, Mrs. Elmer F. Fischer, 242 1-2 Nevada street, in this city. He graduated from the Grass Valley high school in 1929 and attended the University of California. His brother, Lieut. George Krasevac has been twice wounded and decorated for bravery. Lieut. Krasevac was wounded first in the Aleutians and is recovering from the wounds suffered on the Itlian front.

**S-Sgt. Gurden W. Leete—**

An arrival today by train was Staff Sergeant Gurdon W. Leete who is being transferred from Mansfield, New Hampshire, to an airfield in New Mexico. Sgt. Leete will visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harley M. Leete before going to his new station. At Manchester he has been with the American Air Force Bureau Headquarters at Grenier Field through which pass the big fleets of bombers on their way to England.

**Stanley W. Jones—**

Marine Sergeant Stanley W. Jones, 22, son of Mrs. H. J. Washburn, of Route 1, Box 05FF, has been returned from many months of service overseas. He is now stationed at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, where he is awaiting reclassification and a furlough.

The Nevada City Leatherneck, who was awarded the Purple Heart medal for wounds suffered at Tarawa, participated in the invasions of Saipan and Tinian.

Prior to enlisting in the Marine Corps he operated a gold dredge for the Gold Hill Dredging Company.

**Sgt. Ainsley Fouyer—**

Marine Sergeant Ainsley Fouyer of Nevada City recently arrived at the San Diego Marine base after 27 months in the South and Central Pacific. He is now awaiting reassignment and furlough.

The 22 year old Leatherneck was a member of the famed Second Marine Division, and the latest action in which he took part was the bitterly contested invasions of Saipan and Tinian islnds. His unit was awarded two presidential citations.

He is now visiting with Sheriff and Mrs. Tobiassen.

# PERSONALS

Elmer Fischer of Nevada street has purchased the William Kan Sun Grocery Store on Broad street and plans to make it into an electrical shop.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Jansen of Placerville are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Al Williams of Park avenue.

Henry Paine and sister, Mrs. Edith Schultz of North Bloomfield were business visitors in Nevada City Saturday.

Mrs. E. T. Powell returned recently from Sacramento where she spent a few weeks visiting her daughter and in the interests of her health.

Ted Smart and wife and daughter arrived in Nevada City during the past week end from the bay region.

Mr. and Mrs. Louie Davidson and daughter and son in law George Dickerson and wife, returned home Sunday after a week's visit here with Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Seaman of Clark street.

Miss Gertrude Wilde, with the Inter Title Company in Sacramento, spent the past week in Nevada City with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wilde.

Mrs. Anna Tucker deputy county recorder, is enjoying her vacation. She has gone to Folsom for a few days visit with her sister and brother in law, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ronchi and later will go to Happy Camp for a visit with her son, Gene Tucker and family.

Ens. Reg. Kennedy, stationed at Seattle, for the past several months, arrived here last week to visit his wife and their two week's old daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Bolton visited with the latter's brother in law Ted Sinnock, and family in Colfax recently. Sinnock has just returned from an extended cruise in Pacific waters and is enjoying his leave with his family and relatives. His wife conducts his store in Colfax while he is away.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Martz came up from Oakland Sunday and spent a few hours here in the interests of their property on the Murchie road.

Mrs. R. Pearce and daughters, Miss Ada Pearce and Mrs. Tom Riddle all of Sacramento spent the past week end at the home of another daughter Mrs. J. Jackson and family on Boulder street.

Mrs. Harrison Ogden is ill at her home on Silva avenue.

Mrs. Kate McCormack of Nimrod street is quite ill. She retired several years ago from teaching in the local school.

Miss Marian Moore of the local welfare office is away on her annual vacation. Miss Lillian Powell of the county treasurer's office, leaves on her vacation today. Miss Bernice Clemo deputy county treasurer, returned Monday from her annual vacation. County Assessor Phil Scadden is enjoying a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Blanche Moore and son Walter Scadden and families in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hudson who are enjoying a visit in this city and staying at the National Hotel, are so pleased with this district that they have decided to buy a home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Allen of Boulder street have returned home from a two weeks vacation spent the bay district with the latter's sister, Mrs. Annie Johnson.

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Hardy and son Wallace came up from Martinez recently for a visit with friends in their former home, Alleghany, and then made a trip into the Downieville area. Dr. Hardy practiced in Alleghany many years, is now county doctor of Contra Costa county and attended many of the victims of the Port Chicago explosion narrowly escaping injury himself when his office window was blown in. Mrs. Hardy and son reside at their home near Dutch Flat and Wallace attends high school in Auburn.

# A. P. FEATURE WRITER TOURS TAHOE FOREST

Miss Bonnie Wiley. special feature writer of the San Francisco office of the Associated Press, spent four days, starting Thursday, September 14, covering Tahoe National Forest. Miss Wiley was accompanied by Robert S. Monahan from the San Francisco forest service regional office. District Ranger Frank B. Delaney, of the Downieville district was assigned by Forest Supervisor Guerdon Ellis to conduct the party around the forest.

The trip was made the first day from Ntvada City to Downieville where Miss Wiley took possible full page photo features of the old Brandy City mining town, which flourished in the early 60s. The old ox-team wagon, recently found there, and pictures of the new Calida mill and logging operations. At Downieville pintures were taken of Mrs. Mary Davies, clerk-dispatcher on the Downieville district. Pictures of the callous and animated scarecrow at the home of deputy sheriff Stanley N. McCormick.

From Downiville the party traveled to Simi's Camp Pioneer Lodge, where Miss Wiley was interested in recreational pictures, and the Sierra Buttes area. From Camp Poineer Lodge, the party visited the Sierraville district, where pictures of the sheep and cattle leaving the forest were taken. Also deer hunting, deer hunting camps, and deer killed the opening day of the season. Some especially fine deer hunting pictures were secured in the Sierraville district.

The party then visited Sardine Peak lookout, where pictures were taken of Mrs. Marjorie Nesson, who is holding down the important position of lookout on the Sierraville district. From Sierraville the party traveled to Hobart Mills in the Truckee district, where several hours were taken up in taking pictures of the old ghost town of Hobart Mills formerly headquarters of the Hobart Estate lumbering company, in eastern Sierra County.

At Big Bend ranger station, on highway 40 Miss Wiley, fortunate in securing some very fine pictures of deer being weighed in by Ranger W. E. Barnes, and his clerk dispatcher Mrs. Dorothy Dunstan.

They completed their tour Monday afternoon, Sept. 18, at Nevada City where a final picture was taken of Forest Supervisor Guerdon Ellis, sitting at his desk from where he administrates the Tahoe national forest.

**CELEBRATE ADMISSION DAY**

Laurel Parlor, Native Daughters of the Golden West, celebrated Admission Day last Wednesday evening with a 49er fashion parade.

Mrs. Dorothy Schumman entertained the parlor with a recitation of Mrs. Laura Stone's reminiscences of early days in Nevada City. Mrs. Beryl Ghanholf gave a short historical sketch of California's gold rush. The parlor drill team in costume danced the Virginia Reel and a grand march of the members in costumes of the Argonauts concluded the program.

Harlow W. Wood, administrative assistant and Ellwood M. Stone, principal clerk, from the Nevada City office of Tahoe national forest, made an audit inspection of the Downieville ranger station office.

# POLICE CHIEF AND SHERIFF ARE COMMENDED

Commending Chief Thomas James Allen and Sheriff Carl Tobiassen for their understanding of police training problems, Nat Pieper, special agent in charge of the San Francisco FBI office, inaugurated the police training school of the Grass Valley police department on Monday, Sept. 18th at Grass Valley. Officers of the Nevada County sheriff's office and Nevada City police department are attending the school as guests of Chief Ben Jenkin of Grass Valley.

The school will continue through October 30th with weekly sessions scheduled on Mondays from 7 to 10 p. m. Representatives from the Seirra County sheriff's office also are attending the classes.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation is participating in the program, furnishing lecturers and instructors as requested by Chief Jenkin. Instruction will cover such matters as laws of arrest, extradition, and fugitives; FBI jurisdiction; laws of searches of places, persons, and crime scenes; interviews and confessions; state and federal laws relative to juveniles; crime prevention; comparison of juvenile and the criminal court procedure; facilities and uses of the FBI laboratory; law of evidence; and a firearms demonstration of the use of care of various weapons. Motion pictures will be exhibited to illustrate a lecture on "Technique and Mechanics of Arrest."

"Police training is essential," Pieper remarked. "It is not enough that the best officer should know how to make an arrest, fill in a routine report, observe conditions on his beat, guard against disturbances and generally keep the peace. He should be able to conduct effective interviews in criminal cases and should have a broad background of the law of evidence so that he may recognize, collect, inedtify and preserve physical evidence which to the untrained may seem unimportant. The peace officer must be versed in practical psychology so that he can recognize the symptoms of delinquency and crime in the individual. He must be able to make instant decisions in cases involving the law, his personal safety and that of the citizen, the protection of property as well as the rights of the accused."

"To achieve a high degree of efficiency in carrying out the duties imposed upon him by law and his desire to serve," Pieper continued. "The police officer must continuously study new methods and examine old principles in the law enforcement profession. He must learn to avail himself of the many scientific aids to criminal investigations. The FBI has endeavored to cooperate with law enforcement executives and to assist them in carrying out their responsibilities in the training field through the establishment of the FBI national police academy which has made available in its amlost 1000 grduates a reservoir of police executives and instructors. In the past nine years the Federal Bureau of Investigation has participated in over 1500 local, county and state police schools and has provided instructors in each of these."

The San Francisco FBI agent in charge brought out that Chief Allen and Sheriff Tobiassen manifested their farsightedness in recognizing the need for police instruction and in arranging for the training of officers in this area. "Emphasis on the fundamentals of good law enforcement through the medium of qualified instruction will serve to maintain the high standards of law enforcement that exist in the state of California," Pieper said.

According to Pieper, John Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, continuously has sought to raise the standards of the law enforcement profession, realizing that city, county and state police are essential in the United States for their recognition of and ability eo cope with local problems.

**TOPOGRAPHIC MAPPING**

Alonza C. Hammon assiciate topographic engineer from the San Francisco regional office of the forest service is working in the Downieville district securing data for a new map to be printed after the war emergency is over.

Goiter is much more prevalent among women than among men.

## States Cash Balance Now 146 Million

SACRAMENTO, Sept. 25—State Controller Harry B. Riley today announced that the state's general fund cash excess over current obligations on August 31, 1944 was $146,000,240 as compared with an excess of $126,047,434 at the end of the preceding month and an excess of $96,546,615 on August 31, 1943.

The present cash excess said Riley represents an increase of $19,952,806 over the figure for July 31. Of this increase $19,950,776 represents an excess of August revenues and expenditures. The remainder of the increase consists of $2030 of miscellaneous nonrevenue receipts.

General fund revenues deposited in the state treasury during the first two months of the 96th fiscal year totaled $41,296,075—a decrease of $3,533.149 under collections for the same period last year. The major decrease in revenue occurred in the bank and corporation franchise and corporation income taxes, which decreased $2,422,107 and in retail sales and use taxes, which decreased $2,058,450 under collections for the corresponding period last year. These together with other smaller decreases were partially offset by increases in other revenues resulting in the net total decrease of $3,533,149.

The major increase in revenue occurred in liquor taxes and licenses which increased $1,781,540 over the collections for the first two months of last year.

## For Retouching Heaven And Repairing Hell, $67.28

An artist was employed to renovate and retouch some oil paintings in an old church in Belgium and on presenting his bill for $67.28 was informed that an itemized statement was required; so the following was duly presented:

For correcting the Ten Commandments $.512. For renewing heaven and adjusting the stars $7.12. For touching up purgatory and restoring the lost souls $3.06. For brightening up the flames of hell, putting a new tail on the devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned $7.17. For putting a new stone in David's ring and arranging Goliath's head $6.13. For mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear $3.39. For putting a new ribbon on Pilate's bonnet $3.08. For putting a new tail and comb on St. Peter"s rooster $2.20. For putting carmine on the left cheek of the servant of the high priest $5.02. For taking the spots off the son of Tobias $10.30. For putting earrings in Sarahs ears $5.26. For mending the roof of Noah's ark, and putting a new head on Shem $4,31. Total $67.28.

There were 489,297 grape bearing acres in California in 1943.

After San Francisco's 1906 earthquake and fire, homeless Chinese fere cared for in two camps in Oakland and Fort Winfield Scott.

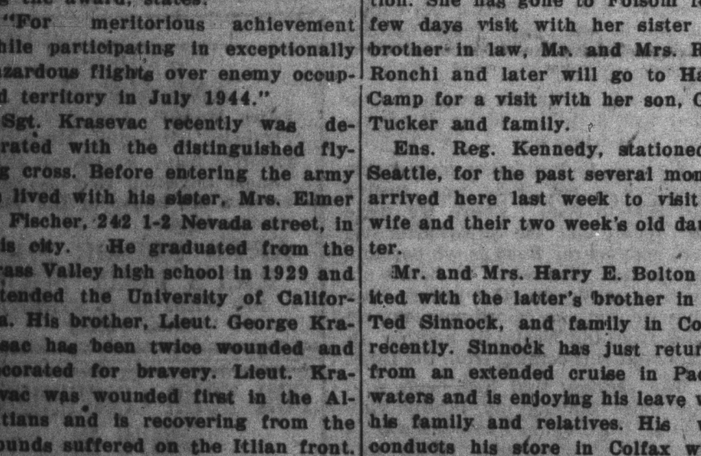
Tuolumne's county name is soid to be derived from Tagualame, an Indian name for "lion's ground."

There were 82,297 almond bearing acres in California in 1943.

There are practically no outdoor billboards in Latin America.

Only nine homicides occurred during the period of the San Francisco 1906 earthquake and fire.

New Zealand sheep yield about ten pounds of wool per head, or a quarter more than American sheep.


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